

TALES OF FOESLE AND CABIN THE STORY OF THE SQUAREHEAD

WHEN John Martin had been three days ashore a few friends gave him a dinner. At this function they asked him what his book would come out and other flattering questions.

Martin replied that he didn't know whether there would be a book.

"But what did you, an author with an established reputation, go to sea for if not to get material for a story?" his hosts demanded.

"What I went for has nothing to do with what I got, necessarily, has it?" said the author, a trifle sarcastically. "Oh, I don't say I won't write something. Very likely I shall, after I

"Vroun was short, stocky and had cropped, bristling hair. There was a gleam of gaiety in his blue, little eyes. He had formidable looking teeth. He mumbled when he talked and used an extremely quaint sort of English. He knew German very well and always said 'when' instead of 'if'—I think it was because he had in mind the German word 'wenn' which means 'if'.

"He could not write his name. He was a murderer, I think. At any rate he had been tried for murder in San Francisco some years before and had been acquitted. On the voyage he told me all about that except the single point of his actual guilt. Probably he thought it a purely personal matter



While one played two others performed mad dances.

the shadows of the gyrating dancers. Above the unmerciful shriek of the accordion rang the cries and shouts of applause, stray curses and snatches of song. In the midst of this unearthly revel I caught a glimpse of young Andrews curled up in his bunk. By the grace of youth he was sleeping in all that bedlam.

"All hands were called at 4. I was wakened by the creaking of the windlass and came on deck just in time to enable the chautaukman to improvise a stanza for the chant 'Home-ward Bound.' It ran:

Has the passenger brought a bottle aboard?
Good-by, fare ye well; good-by, fare ye well.

Has the passenger brought a bottle aboard?
Heave ho! my lads; we're homeward bound!

"In twelve hours the California coast had dropped astern and the solitude of the passage had set in.

"Coming on deck I heard a loud wrangling in the first night watch. The bass voice of our squarehead, old Vroun, was denouncing young Andrews to a group of the able seamen.

"When you was to look up that young fellow's past," said Vroun, "you find as how he has been deep-water sailor. He's putting on his decent, know no drink about ship's work so to get out of doing his share."

"Other voices took tolerant exception to this.

"Oh, you're fouled agin', Vroun. Why, the young snot don't know port from starboard. What makes you think he's a-putting on? Were some of the reeliners.

"The squarehead paid attention only to the question. In a voice of great cunning he replied to it.

"Aha, you ask me as how I know? he retorted. 'I hear him naming from the low ceiling and did not so much illumine the scene as make it outlandishly fantastic by projecting

that is, that would be their equivalent in polite intercourse.

"He was a-learning the names of them," explained some one. "Heard the mate a-telling him to learn the gear the first thing."

"Old Vroun, however, having got an idea into his head, could not easily dislodge it. That is why, I suppose, his type are called squareheads. This notion of young Andrews' deceitfulness had got into Vroun's square head and rolled into one of the corners, where he couldn't have picked it out without a lot of groping in the dark. The old fellow grew argumentative, angry and then sullen and still. But his notion remained as snug as ever.

"The effect of it was visible at once in his treatment of him. When he did it was to utter some blasting sentence that would make the youngster blanch with rage. At the old fellow would yell at him in such a fashion that the mate's casual oaths and heavy willows were almost unnoticed.

"The mate, Mr. Caulker, felt that the word had been taken out of his sails and was obviously piqued. But as Vroun was almost the only real sailor aboard, the only one in that whole crew skilled in old-time arts of seamanship, Mr. Caulker could not very well remonstrate.

"Vroun did not accomplish what he had in mind, which was I imagine, to get Andrews to do something rash or foolhardy that would put the lad in wrong. Having by a certain amount of stupid cunning decided that the boy was shirking, Vroun wanted to show him up. But the young fellow much puzzled by the squarehead's obstinate empty, made no break. He didn't even reply to Vroun's denunciations, curses and threats.

"The threats sounded alarming enough to him, but no one seemed to take any account of them or to think

that they might be translated into action, until one day when the men were taking in the foresail. I heard a sudden commotion aloft and, looking up, saw Andrews pale and shaking, come quickly off the yard and down to the deck. From overhead old Vroun thundered all sorts of objections. The mate was not looking.

"I spoke to the boy, and he told me that Vroun had swept his powerful arm at him, striking him full on the chest. If Andrews hadn't had hold of the jacksnave he would certainly have dropped to the deck, thirty feet or so below. I spoke to the mate, who expressed the opinion that Vroun had not wanted to cripple the boy, but only to provoke him to returning the blow."

"Vroun wants to get him into a fight and do him up," said Mr. Caulker with what struck me as extraordinary calm. Under the circumstances I can't very well interfere. You had better suggest to Andrews that he defer until he goes aloft to let one or more men get between him and Vroun on the yard. If he will do that and watch out at other times he will be all right. I can't have a man crippled, of course. If the boy wants to fight, that's his affair. He's not heavy enough to go up against Vroun, but I was sure that he gets fair play."

"There were no more crises for a while. I conveyed the mate's advice to Andrews, who acted on it. In a week more we were at Manga Reva, one of those Pacific islands that you dream about—very green, very lovely as it rises out of the brilliantly blue sea. We had to stop there to leave a printing press consigned to the Rev. Eliphaz Jenkins.

"Capt. Evans had raised an awful row about it, but the charterers wouldn't let him out of the job. The Rev. Eliphaz Jenkins had spent I don't know how many years among the natives (who are nominally under French jurisdiction), and had at last

completed his life work of translating the Bible into the native tongue. He had raised enough money to buy a small hand press and evidently expected to spend his declining years in slowly printing copies of the Scriptures, which the native maidens, tastefully arrayed in short grass skirts, were to sew together and aid him in binding.

"Our skipper had protested frantically that Manga Reva, bordered by coral reefs, was no place for a square rigger to linger, but the charterers were obdurate. He would be met by the Rev. Eliphaz in a smaller boat and if the printing press could not be transhipped a good pilot would be procurable. So our hold swallowed the hand press and Capt. Evans swallowed his objections.

"Personally I could not see how the good missionary expected to achieve much by his native Bible, since we understood that the natives could not read. And if they had to learn to read they could almost as easily learn to read in English or French or some island dialect akin to their own in which Bibles had already been issued. But it became evident after I had conversed with the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, that I had not appreciated the ideal that animated him.

"He wished to take advantage of the natives' pride of race. If he asked him to learn to read a Bible in English or French, the native might not be enthusiastic enough to take the trouble. He offered to teach him to read a Bible in Tahitian or some other related tongue, the member of his flock would be insulted. Besides, he told me with an entirely inoffensive show of pride, he should hate to confess the emptiness of his scholarly labors in translating the Good Book by putting aside his own work in favor of something else.

"We landed the hand press, but we had to go right into port to do it. While there, for twenty-four hours the skipper granted shore leave to all hands, since there was small danger of desertion.

"We all went over the side. I think, and scattered on various rambles. Vroun went away with the crowd and Andrews wandered off by himself. After a few cool hours on the verandas of an official's house I returned to the ship. It was not until the next day that I heard of an episode of the shore leave that had entirely altered the relations of old Vroun and our cub.

"It seems that the old sailor had got very drunk and wandered away to sleep in the semitropical forest. Awakening he had been terrified to discover himself surrounded by a group of natives of somewhat ferocious aspect. Probably they intended no harm, but the superstitions Vroun put it into his head that he was to be eaten.

"He had heard that there were still cannibal tribes in the Solomons, so why should there not be here? In his confusion and terror he struck him as a native and ran for his life. He did not consider himself an animal.

"He was sitting on the ground when he saw the degradation of furnishing a meal to a lot of wretched-looking natives. He was so shocked that he showed no civility that they needed a square meal when the bushes parted and young Andrews appeared on the scene. He had been walking around and had been attracted by Vroun's tale. When he saw that source he stood stock still, overcome with amazement, contempt and a strong sense of laugh.

"In fearful accents Vroun directed the attention of the supposed cannibals to the advent of the young man, who, he said maliciously, would make much better eating. The uncomprehending natives only formed a closer circle about the whiter. They were intelligent enough to perceive the old fellow's terror and mischievous enough to wish to pay upon it a little.

"But Andrews, who really didn't know whether they were dangerous or not, suddenly bethought himself of a trick he knew. He had always been double-jointed. Now, having got the attention of the natives by a loud wail, followed by a string of words intoned as if they formed an incantation, he advanced, cracking his fingers, unhooking his thumb and distorting his face in a variety of grimaces.

"The natives took a long look and then died, with yells of dismay. Andrews helped Vroun to his feet and accompanied him back to the town.

and only the necessary work of mending the ship goes on, so all private hostilities cease for the time being when you get into cold weather and double Cape Horn. As we were making the eastward passage we doubled the Cape without difficulty and with little hardship. There was no incident that bears on my story until we were into the Atlantic tropics. Streets of weather had ceased, we loaded on deck, the men quarreled constantly, our most spoiled, the mate was driven frantic by the struggle to keep the hands sufficiently employed and Vroun resumed hating Andrews as actively as ever.

"One day we were setting the fore royal. The boy had been sent up aloft to free the sail and overhaul the hantlines after it had been sheeted home. The men had just started hauling on the halyard when Andrews, carelessly

accompanied him back to the town.

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where the old fellow drank a good deal more than any one would have thought possible.

"When we resumed our voyage, Vroun was immensely depressed. He was this young fellow who on he had, when he had nearly picked up, who wouldn't fight him and who had come and saved his life. In Vroun's mind there was no doubt that he was indebted to Andrews for his very skin, and the thought threw him into paroxysms of rage.

"Obviously he could not attack a man who had saved his life. It was hideously unfair of Andrews to show up there and frighten off those sailors. So Andrews' rescue became an additional reason for hating him at the same time that it tied Vroun's hands.

"Just as all work on board is abated

putting his hand behind him, clutched the cable and found his thumb jammed almost instantly in the sheath block.

"Each pull on deck jammed it tighter. In a minute or two it would have been punched off and the boy would very likely have fallen a hundred feet to the deck.

"He yelled at the top of his voice, but his cries were covered by the voice of the chautaukman. Old Vroun, however, caught the despairing shriek and being nearest the pulley heaved the rope in a trice. A second later he slackened away, releasing the lad's thumb. Though he felt pretty faint after the danger was over, Andrews managed to creep down the rigging and get to the deck unaided. His thumb was badly torn, but it healed in a couple of weeks.

"While it was mending Vroun went about with a broad grin on his face. He exulted openly.

"Aha!" he cried with the accents of unbearable melodrama. "When he was to save my life I've saved his and now we're square. Now I can knock the decency out of that slacking, worthless, putting-on fellow."

"He went into a long description of what he conceived to be Andrews' attributes, but his description was more remarkable for vigor than for length or even.

"As soon as the boy's thumb was all right Vroun with a look of relief and hatred lowered his head and went for one day in the dogwatch as the crew was gathered in the ship's waist. Andrews, taken by surprise, went down like a bowling pin. No sooner had he risen to his feet than Vroun knocked him down again. Arising a second time, the boy had begun to get thoroughly mad. He stood on the defensive and put up a very good fight.

"He was considerably worsted and finally had the breath knocked clean out of him by one of the squarehead's rushes. But he had punished the old fellow pretty severely and Vroun's face was bleeding badly before Andrews' work ended the fight—the first and only standup encounter we had on the passage.

"The mate, Mr. Caulker, kept his word. As soon as the two were engaged he formed a ring and saw to it that the battle was fairly conducted. After it was all over he expressed himself favorably on the boy's behavior. Indeed, the youngster got more consideration from all hands for the rest of the passage. Vroun became his good friend and taught him an amazing lot of sea lore from the art of making invisible splices to the art of painting a uniform in cabin redecoration.

"Martin ceased his tale and gazed reflectively at the attentive faces about him. Then a smile of amusement lit his face.

"When we said good-by in port at Leith, Scotland," he added, "I was so fortunate as to witness the parting of the old seaman and his young friend and pupil. Andrews, like a decent boy, had promptly gone to the Sailors Home in Leith—a cracking fine place it is, too. There he astonished the waitresses by requiring three help-lines of every course.

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JOURNEYING VIA BROADWAY TO THE LONG AGO

It Is Easy to Hobnob With the Ghosts of Revolutionary Ancestors at the Old Dyckman Farmhouse, Which, With Its Historic Relics, Was Recently Presented to the City

HOW would you like to go back 140 years and visit for a few hours your own Revolutionary ancestors—Dutch, if you prefer, or Whig or Tory, English, Hessian, or even Indian? It is very simple; not even a fairy godmother with a magic wand is needed for the transition.

So modern a method of conveyance as a subway train will carry you most of the way, unless perchance you are romantically enough inclined to prefer travelling over the old post road of Colonial fame, which is still traversed by the Broadway cars. Don't forget to alight at the corner of 204th street, at the old Dyckman farmhouse, for it is here that you shed your modern fancy footwear and step right into Colonial shoes with monogrammed silver buckles.

Something may tickle the lower part of your ear lobes, but it is only a high ruffled white stock. When you look down to investigate this you will also find that you are rustling in bright brocade. Don't be alarmed, either, if you pass one of the gaily old gilded mirrors in the living room and discover that your hair has grown curly and white. It is the result of neither age nor weather—don't you remember that the new powdered wig came over on the last ship?

If you are an ancestor for these few hours you will find yourself wearing wonderful silver buckles on your knees above the long, bright colored slither hose; but if you are an ancestress instead, not even the buckles on your Colonial pumps will be allowed to peep out from under your sweeping lacade skirts. Isn't it queer how a hundred and forty years can twist the styles right about face?

At any time you may take this little century and a half stride, for the old farmhouse with its historic relics stands open to the public. On July 11 it was presented to the city by Mrs. Rashford Dean and Mrs. Alexander McMillan Welch, the sole surviving descendants of the sturdy old Dyckman who built the house and dwelt in it so many years ago.

Long before the Revolution the southern wing of the building stood practically as it stands to-day, with its graceful chimney of Colonial bricks and its wide Dutch oven in the kitchen. It was apparently used as a sort of tenant house, occupied by the overseer of that part of the Dyckman

estate lying round about it. The Dyckman family dwelt in a far more pretentious house over across the Harlem River, where they would probably have continued to live had not his Majesty's soldiers set fire to the fine old house and outlying buildings.

It was then that William Dyckman conveyed his family and the household treasures that he managed to save from the pillaging hands of the soldiers—and he appears to have saved a great many—to this smaller house near Fort George. To it he made additions until he had built the spacious old Dyckman farmhouse as it stands today. The wine cellar is there and two kitchens, one in the old wing, one in the new, each with a wide oven formed of little yellow Dutch bricks running in different directions. In one old room in the cellar were found the pegs to which the horses were tied in those early days.

It is even now a sturdy building. The laths are of oak, with the spaces between filled with tough match grass, so that one can readily understand how it came safely through its encounters with war and weather, and how, with the strengthening and bolstering just given it by Mr. Dean and Mr. Welch, it will go safely through many more.

Out in the yard stand the same old well and the same old windmill, and down near the gate the same old smoke house. The old fashioned flower beds with their wealth of color and perfume are planted over the same patterns that Dame Dyckman loved long ago. Go down and smell the sweet lavender and the clove pinks, the hollyhocks and the hundred leaf roses and brush the north borders with your stiff Colonial skirts.

Between the quaint little flower garden and the house on a line with the old well and its windmill stands an interesting little hut of logs and stones. It is one of a great many which Reginald Pelham Bolton, with his intense interest in historical treasures, has discovered and excavated on the site of the old military camp near the farm house. There were altogether, Mr. Bolton estimates, 120 of these huts, which were built as a camp for sheltering the American soldiers during the war. They were afterward captured by the British and later still were occupied by the Hessian soldiers.

The floors of these huts were formed of mud or brick, according to whether they were constructed for the

common soldiers or for officers. The walls were usually built of stone—round, oblong, square and octagonal.

heads, he about near the wide old door of furniture it originally hearts, with mauls, hammers that used contained have been returned to it by the Dyckmans, and Mrs. Welch. Even the round, oblong, square and octagonal.

ally an old bottle was inserted into a crevice. Each hut was provided with a large fan-shaped brick oven with a wide door for baking bread. Over the English and Jersey Colonial bricks were discovered in one old oven.

Another one contained some Colonial bricks and a few of the little yellow Dutch bricks, but nearly all of the latter had been carried away to the old Dyckman farm house to be used in the construction of its later wing.

Mr. Bolton believes that the bricks for this triplicate were stolen from the Dyckman home by the soldiers for building their camp and were later brought back by the old Dutch gentleman's servants to their proper place. In many instances, as in that of the old hut in the yard of the Dyckman farmhouse, the old fireplaces were transferred to other places, complete, brick for brick and stone for stone.

Inside the huts Mr. Bolton found just the sort of things one would expect a Revolutionary military camp to contain. For andirons the soldiers used long bar shots, for candlesticks they pressed into service upturned bayonets or bottles. Queer shaped axe

rusty old ice creepers in abundance.

Many of the Revolutionary and Indian relics that Mr. Bolton has dug up during the last twenty years will be displayed in a small room on the ground floor of the Dyckman farmhouse. One marvels at the number of interesting objects he has unearthed. His method is curious. He uses a small steel rod about three and a half feet long which he pushes down into the ground in quest of something hard. When he discovers a resisting substance he marks the spot and then probes again a few feet to one side.

By continuing this process he is able actually to ascertain the dimensions of his find. Sometimes when the earth is cleared away it proves to be a stone hat, sometimes a curious Indian tomb, a pile of a hundred or more old military buttons, sometimes rare old coins. Again it may be only what was once a rubbish heap.

Except for this small room used as a museum of Revolutionary and Indian relics the interior of the old Dyckman farmhouse will look much as it did at the time it was occupied by the family who built it. Most of the



Dyckman farmhouse, showing old wing and the smoke house.



Reginald Pelham Bolton, discoverer of the old hut, and Chaplain E. B. Smith.

old Dutch Bible, bound in pigskin with raised mountings and cracked in places, there with its faithful record of family births, marriages and deaths from the year 1740 on. It stands in a case with much rare china and silver.

Dame Dyckman must have been an exemplary housekeeper, for all the things covering these purchases have been preserved and are exhibited here. There is some blue Wedgwood which William Dyckman purchased from Wedgwood himself. Silver mugs are there too with glass bottoms, the kind that originated the expression, "Here's looking at you!"

Besides being a model housekeeper, Dame Dyckman was fastidious in her dress, judging from an exquisite gown of homespun with its marvelous embroidery, and the little head handkerchiefs and the fans that she used. They are right there in a case, and in another case are the Revolutionary mementoes of the Dyckmans and their family, military passes, discharges, and one old master roll of particular interest. It gives a list of names, with the following description below:

A true Return of Capt. Reqnaws Co. Was & Sons, 8th June 1747. & Postscript from the age of sixteen and upwards.

When you have finished your explorations and are once more on the subway train homeward bound the spell is still over you. You see your own neat modern house, and like the little old wooden "Maiden's Gown" and your own marmalade. "This can't be it!"

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